

Special Values Unmatchable Elsewhere Should Attract the Economically Inclined Here.

styles and materials are the
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WYLLISH COATS AT \$10.

all you find better styles or
than shown here at this
—made in regulation lengths
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k or with low collars. We in-
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y fine styles in the new fall
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—made in combinations and
wide skirts—shown in black
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SPECIAL FALL WAISTS
Exceedingly handsome,
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Selling regularly **\$2.95**
at \$3.75, at . . . -


WOMEN'S CHINCHILLA COATS
Coats, made of good quality
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to 6 years, trimmed with em-
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WOMEN'S CORDUROY COATS
Corduroy coats for children, 2
green and brown, made with
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WOMEN'S SWEATERS
big saving on this class of
sweaters, **50c to \$2.95**

Withbertson & Roe,
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


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FLESH FOOD—will be sent free
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**D. FULTON STREET,
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Building Brick
 RICH TEXTURE
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 COMMON BUILDING BRICK
 Immediate Delivery.
 AT OFFICE.
Brick Co. Connellsville, Pa.

NEWS OF THE DAY AS GATHERED UP ABOUT SCOTSDALE

Many From This Locality
Attend 20th Wedding
Anniversary

HELD BY MR. AND MRS. GEO. NULL

Scotsdale Couple Celebrate Anniversary in Very Pretty Style—Many Students From the Mill Town Entertaining College This Year—Notes.

Special to The Courier.
SCOTSDALE, Sept. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Null of this locality celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage at their home in that place on Saturday in very pretty style. Among the guests present were: Mrs. J. D. Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Misses John and Mary Smith, Mrs. Herman Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Shuman, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Newcomer, Mr. and Mrs. James Goss, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Null, Mr. and Mrs. George Grant and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Creighton, Dorothy, Paul, and John and Ida Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Field, Miss Gertrude Roth, Miss Gertrude Roth, Mrs. Esther Bryan, Miss Olive Rhoad, Mrs. Mattie King, Mrs. William Duns, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Malons, Mrs. Herman L. Shuckelbush, Mr. and Mrs. Hinner Null and children, Mr. and Mrs. Christiana and Gertrude, Mr. and Mrs. Port Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. Justus Kelly, Grace and Leo Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Camp, E. B. Null, Mrs. Cora Lynn, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor and children, Vera and Mildred, Mrs. Bert Hoot, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hixon and daughter, Kathryn; Mr. and Mrs. Alex Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Crummett, Miss Dona Rager, Ernest Null, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Malons, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Houser, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Myers, Miss Emma Poole, Mrs. Christina Null, Mr. and Mrs. John Reynolds and Raymond Reynolds, Mrs. Frank Null, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Winters, Raymond and Opal Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. King and Mrs. Lydia Thompson.

MINING SCHOOL.
The mining class conducted by James Wardlaw of Scotsdale will open for another year at 7 o'clock at the public school building in Spring Garden, Mount Pleasant, Tuesday evening, October 5. Thirty-five out of 42 of Mr. Wardlaw's students were successful in the last examinations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. DeWitt went to Pittsburgh on Tuesday. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Elcher has scarlet fever. She is a pupil in the Pittsburgh street school building, and the room in which she was a pupil was immediately fumigated after her removal from the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Morry and daughter, Martha, of Berry, returned home on Tuesday after a visit to the home of Mrs. E. L. Boyd. Madeline Boyd, daughter of Taylor Boyd, of Delaware avenue, is the victim of an attack of scarlet fever.

Former Postmaster B. C. Fretts is attending the National Encampment of the G. A. R. in Washington, D. C. Edward J. Anderson of Market street, Frank R. Parker, Bert Zentley and James H. Hurst have gone to Washington, D. C. in Mr. Hurst's automobile and will spend the week of their return will stop over at Gettysburg and visit the battlefield.

Michaelhak, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Wollack of Gerson, has returned to his school in Danvers, University, Pittsburg.

Joseph O'Shea, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Shea of Gerson, has gone to St. Vincent's college, Realty, Pa. for a course in that institution.

Berkley H. Wood, one of the Republican candidates for county commissioner, accompanied by his brother, T. S. Boyd, is resting up a few days after the campaign at Cambridge Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Miller, Miss Pauline Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kemp attended the marriage of Miss Mabel Russell, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Russell, formerly of this place, to Mr. William McMillan of Philadelphia. Miss Miller was the bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson of Richmond, Va., who are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hartman, were accompanied to Pittsburg by their daughter, Mrs. Hartman, who visited there for several days, and her parents went to Schuylkill, N. Y.

Mrs. Jacob H. Wate and son, Russell, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ware at Warren, O.

William Fetter, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fetter, has returned to his studies in the fourth year of the medical course of the University of Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stickler were at Perryopolis on Sunday attending the funeral of Mrs. Estella Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. May and Mrs. W. H. Fetter were visitors in Pittsburg on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gault of Wayne Church, were visiting in town on Monday.

Miss Gertrude Mae Frey has gone to Frederick, Md., where she is a student in Hood College.

Pennsylvania Mothers and Daughters.

Ridgway, Pa.—I have had a satisfactory experience with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Sometime ago I needed medicine for kidney trouble. I tried "Favorite Prescription" and used three bottles. It helped me wonderfully. It overcame the trouble and I grew better every day. I had so much confidence in this remedy that I recommended it to my daughters. They used it with very marked benefit. We consider "Favorite Prescription" a reliable and valuable remedy.—Mrs. C. L. Wooten, N. Broad St.



An affection confined to women must have its cause in the womanly nature. There is no doubt that a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs, is in general responsible for feminine nervousness and an undermined constitution.

For headache, backache, hot flashes, catarrhal condition, bearing-down sensation, mental depression, dizziness, fainting spells, lassitude and exhaustion women should never fail to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The modern improvement in pills—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They help nature's process of fighting off her sick and nervous headache, biliousness, constipation, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, cured.

her home in Morgantown, W. Va., after a visit with Mrs. Rebecca Newman.

J. L. Hunt of Moresdale, the successor of S. L. Luthy as teacher in the Scotsdale high school, assumed his duties here on Monday, and Professor DeVaux took up his new work in the Greensburg high school, Greensburg, Pa., on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. O'Connor, son of Mrs. Mary E. O'Connor, have entered the Pittsburg Normal School, Tacoma Park, Washington.

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR, Sept. 28.—Jack Marcus of Uniontown, Pa., visited here today and was looking after business interests.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church is preparing to hold a social at the church on the evening of the church September 30.

The Ladies' Friendly Bible Class of the Methodist Protestant Church will hold a communitarian social October 1, in the basement of the church.

The collection of W. L. Schuman, who is seriously ill at his home, remains unchanged.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wicht of Tipton, spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mrs. John Wicht and daughter, Helen, visited Mrs. Kane Monday night.

Miss Nellie is the nurse in charge at the home of Walter Seaman.

Mrs. Marcus James and children returned home from Pittsburg after spending a week with relatives.

The King's Daughters of the Methodist Protestant Sunday School will meet at the home of Mrs. Rose Hardy on Friday, October 1, instead of the regular meeting night of October 5.

The following program will be rendered: Reading, Jane Groves; violin solo, Ruth Hardy; biography, Rose Hardy; reading, Gail Anderson; song, Ruth Langhorne; recitation, Margaret Smith; reading, Mattie Lowery; original story, Ruth McGinnis; essay on "Women's Rights," Alice Zehly; solo, Olive Elmer; recitation, Mabel McManis; essay, Florence Breckinridge; queries, Olive Seaton.

All members urged to attend to make arrangements for a musicale to be held in the near future. Will have Sophie's store at 7:30 o'clock sharp.

Try our classified advertisements.

For a Weak Stomach.

There are people right in this vicinity who find it necessary to be very careful about what they eat as they have weak stomachs. Many of them would be very much benefited by the same treatment that cured Mrs. Ernest Pharo, of Beaver Dam, Ohio, who writes, "I had a weak stomach and for years certain food disagreed with me. I would feel uncomfortable for hours after eating. I lost weight and became debilitated. Then I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets and the symptoms with which they afflicted me disappeared both myself and my family. They strengthened my digestion and in a short time I was sound and well." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Do You Want Help?

Try our classified ads. One cent a word. Results follow.

Asthma

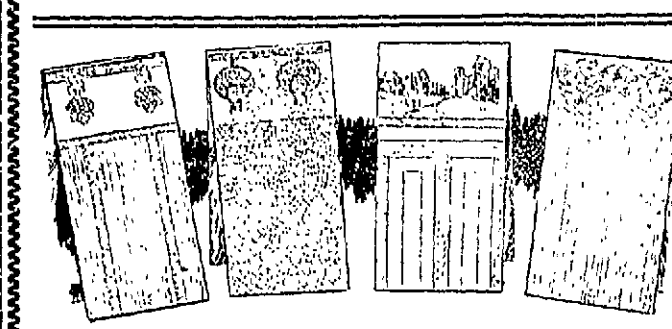
The marvelous Potassians treatment acts like magic in most cases of Asthma. No matter how many "cured" cases you have called, don't fail to inquire about Potassians from

A. A. CLARK, Connellsville, Pa.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE, Dunbar, Pa.

WATSON'S PHARMACY, Evanson, Pa.

Fall and Winter Needs For Your Home at Prices That Will Set a New Low Price Record.



A Car Load of Wall Paper

A lucky trade circumstance put us in possession of a carload of wall paper at an extraordinary low price. It comes from one of the largest wall paper manufacturers in the country, whose products have been famous for years for their durability, beauty of design and coloring. There is a wide variety of patterns for every room, all fresh from the mill, made for the fall selling. The prices are low enough to make it an object for all interested to supply their present and future needs.

7½c to 15c for 15c to 25c Values

Papers for parlors, living rooms, dining rooms, halls, etc. All regular 15c to 25c values. Our price only 7½c to 15c per roll.

3c to 10c

An exceptional big selection of patterns and colors in bed room and kitchen wall papers. All this fall's designs.

10c to 12½c

The most attractive variety of colors and designs in varnished tiles. Sold regularly from 20c to 25c. Our price, per bolt 10c to 12½c.

Domestic and Imported Oat Meal Papers

Plain oat meal papers in all the leading shades.

REGULAR 15c KIND, 10c PER BOLT. REGULAR 25c KIND, 15c PER BOLT.

BORDERS CUT OUT FREE OF CHARGE. BORDER PRICES RANGE FROM 2c TO 15c PER YARD.

Paper Hangers Furnished at Reasonable Prices.

Real Estate Dealers, Notice

We make a specialty of real estate work and will quote you special low prices for your full work. All estimates free. Let us figure with you.

United Profit Sharing Coupons With All Purchases.

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not sleep, nor sleep to do my good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live.

Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might as well as let me try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong.

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefited by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."

Mrs. MARTHA SHAW, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stronger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

READ THE COURIER.

Sale Bills

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

PRINTED

Simple, graceful lines mark the distinction of this suit. The skirt is general, and the coat's full skirt is obtained by tightly pressed plaits at the hips headed by tailored pockets. Black taffeta furnishes the collar and cuffs, and the tiny vest is of novelty striped velvet.

Trousers Notices. The Courier job department has trousers notices for sale.

It will pay you to read our advertising columns.

New Silks

New taffetas, 36 inches wide in green, midnight blue, browns and all the light shades for evening wear at \$1.39 values per yd. **\$1.00**

New Plaid Taffetas

In the subdued shades, also in the bright effects, 36 inches wide; **\$1.39**

New plaid taffeta, 24 ins. wide, in all the new effects, **\$1.00**

values **79c**

A. B. C. Silks

Solid shades, plaids and Roman stripes; 36 inches wide, **50c**

Rugs

Liberal Price Concessions Make Our Rug and Carpet Offer Extremely Interesting

9x12 BODY BRUSSELS RUGS, \$21.00.

The best wearing and most serviceable rug ever sold for less than \$20.00. Very closely woven with a hard surface that will stand the hardest usage. Your choice is an unusually large assortment of floral and all-over patterns. In every desirable color, at **\$24.90**

9x12 ANIMATED RUGS, \$21.50.

The very rug for parlor and living room. The texture of these rugs is of unusually high quality. They have a deep, heavy nap and are closely woven. You may have your choice of Oriental and floral border patterns in a variety of beautiful color combinations, at **\$21.50**

NEW BLUE HIBBON VELVET RUGS, \$18.75.

These rugs were made to sell for \$25.00. They are perfect in every detail and the patterns are Oriental and floral designs in the very choicest colors. So, then, while there is a good assortment, and get your pick of the best patterns, at **\$18.75**

9x12 BRUSSELS RUGS, \$10.00.

Just think what this means—a great big Brussels Rug at this unheard of price! This rug is made of genuine Tapestry Brussels—a strong, durable border pattern in a large variety of delightfully pretty patterns and colors, at **\$10.00**

VELVET CARPET, 90c PER YARD.

This is an extra good quality with an exceptionally heavy nap and a closely woven back—pretty shades of green, tan or red—a grade of velvet carpet that never sells for less than \$1.25 per yard. Only **90c**

27x52 INCH VELVET RUGS, 98c.

The very thing for small halls or between folding doors—made of heavy velvet, well bound ends, fast colors and artistic designs in colors to match room size rugs. Regular selling price \$1.50. Special for Saturday, only **98c**

All Carpets Laid and Lined Free of Charge

Oil Cloth and Linoleum

The assortment of designs and colorings is one of the surprising and amazing features of our stock. And you need give no thought to quality. We guarantee every yard.

One of the Specials 39c sq. yard

The new process Linoleum. Finest wearing quality and, bear in mind, this isn't remnant pieces—it is right of full rolls—and every yard guaranteed to give satisfaction.

KOBACKER'S

"THE BIG STORE"

ON PITTSBURGH ST.

The Event You Have Been WATCHING and WAITING FOR Begins Saturday, Oct. 2nd.

Connellsville the Luckiest City in the Land!

WHY?

Because It Is the Home of the Wallace Furniture Store

And Because the Most Astounding FURNITURE and RUG SALE Ever Experienced Under the Sun Starts Their SATURDAY.

Store Closed Thursday & Friday!

FOR THE WORKINGMAN SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE CUMBERLANDS"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

Suddenly a new thought struck her, and it brought from her a sudden question. "But you know some day, an' when he comes I reckon the first news ye'll hear of him will be that he's dead." Once more it was the implacable avenger that spoke.

The girl could only murmur in perplexity: "Yet you have kept Job in ignorance. I don't understand."

"I've got other plans for Job," said Ann Harvey. "I don't 'low to let him be a fool killer. There's others that can stand to that."

He flung the door open and called Job, and a moment later the boy, black



"Tell Me His Name. By God, He Belongs to Me!"

of countenance, came in and stood glaring about with the sullen defiance of a young bull just turned into the ring to face the mutator.

"Job," suggested the chief graverly. "I reckon if Dawn don't see Young Milt again ye ain't goin' to object to her havin' an education, are ye?"

The boy stiffened, and his reply was sure.

"I don't 'low to let my folks a consort with no McBrarians."

Ann Harvey spoke again, very quietly: "Milt didn't know no more about that killin' than I did, Job."

"How does ye know that?" The question burst out fiercely and swiftly. The boy bent forward, his eyes eagerly burning above his high cheekbones, and his mouth stiff in a snarl of suspense. "How does ye know?"

"Because I know who did."

"Tell me his name!" The shrill demand was almost a shriek.

Again Job's face had become ashen and his muscles were twitching. Ann laid a hand on his shoulder, but the boy jerked away and again confronted his elder, while his voice broke from his lips in an excess of passion. "Tell me his name. By God, he belongs to me!"

"No, I ain't goin' to tell ye his name just yet, Job. Ann calmly announced. "He ain't in those parts now. He's left the mountains, an' it wouldn't do ye much good to know his name—yet. Two days after he comes back I'll tell ye all ye want to know, an' I've got to try to hinder ye, but ye must let the children stay over here at the school, for Ann's heart's set on it, an' it wouldn't be fair to break her heart."

The boy stood trembling in wrath and indecision. Finally his voice came dubiously. "Ye done give me yore hand once before that as soon as ye knowed ye'd tell me—an' ye lied to me."

Ann Harvey shook her head with unrumpled patience.

"No, I didn't lie to ye, son. I wasn't sure till after he left. I ain't never lied to no man."

A long silence fell on the room. Through the open window came the silvery call of a quail in some distant thicket. After a while the boy raised his head and nodded. "I'll give ye my hand," he said.

When he left the room Junia rose from her chair.

"There is way to thank you, Mr. Harvey," she said with a touch of defiance. "I don't believe that two wrongs ever made one right. I don't believe that you can win out to law by lawlessness. But I do believe you are sincere, and I know that you're a man."

"And for my part," he answered slowly. "I think ye're just tryin' to grow an oak tree in a flower pot, an' it can't be done. I think that all ye can do is to breed discontent—an' in this hilt's discontent is dangerous. But I ain't wonderin' your school an' I don't 'low to let you flout at your own defeat. It's a failure an' quit at your own defeat."

"I shan't quit," she assured him, but this time she smiled as she said it. "I'm going ahead, and in the end I am going to underline the regime of

feud and illiteracy; that is, I and others like me. But can't we fight the thing out as if it were a clean game? Can't we be friendly adversaries? You've been very generous, and I've been a bigoted little fool, but can't you forgive me and be friends?"

He straightened and his face hardened again, and slowly he shook his head. His voice was very grave and uncompromising, though without discourtesy. "I'm afraid it's a little too late for that."

Junia slowly drew back the hand she had extended and her cheeks flushed crimson. It was the first time in her life that she had made an unsolicited proffer of friendship—and it had been refused.

"Oh!" she murmured in a dazed, hurt voice in which was no anger. Then she smiled. "Then there's nothing else to say, except to thank you a thousand times."

"Ye needn't have no uneasiness about my tryin' to hinder ye," he assured her slowly. "I ain't your enemy an' I ain't your friend. I'm just lookin' on, an' I don't have no faith in your success."

"Don't you feel that changes must come?" she questioned a little faintly. "They have come everywhere else."

"They will come," she said again, rose vehemently. "But they'll be made my way—our way, not yours. These hills shan't always be a reproach to the state of Kentucky. They're goin' to be her pride some day."

"That's all!" exclaimed the girl, flinging at him a glance of absolute admiration. "I don't care who does it, so long as it's done right. You've got to see sooner or later that we're working to the same end. You may not be my friend, but I'm going to be yours."

"I'm obliged to ye," he spoke gravely and, turning on his heel left the room by the back door.

As chance would have it, Young Milt rode by her place the next day. She knew he would come back the same way, and that afternoon, as he was returning, she intercepted him by the turn of the road. With the foreign courtesy learned abroad, he lifted his hat and dismounted.

Junia had always rather liked Young Milt. The clear fearlessness of his eyes gave him a certain attractiveness, and his face had so far escaped the clouding veil of sullenness which she so often saw.

At first she was a little confused as to how to approach the subject, and the boy rolled a cigarette as he stood respectfully waiting.

"Milt," she said at last, "please don't misunderstand me. I want to be your friend, but I've got to ask you to give me a promise. You see, I need your help."

At that the half smile left the boy's lips and he frowned into his eyes.

"I reckon I know what ye mean," he said. "Young Job, he's asked ye to warn me off. Why don't Job carry his own messages?"

"Milt," she gravely reminded him, resting her hand for a moment on his coat sleeve, "it's more serious than that. Job ordered me to send his sister back to the cabin. You are having an education. I want her to have one. She has the right to it. I love her very dearly. Milt, and if you are a friend you won't rob her of her chance."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"An' ye're goin' to send her back that there dwelt amongst them razorback haws an' hound-dawgs an' fleas?" he demanded spitefully.

"That depends on you, Job. Is the head of his family. I can't keep her without his consent. I had to promise him that you should visit her."

For a moment she held the boy to her, looking steadily at him, and apparently contemplating the little rascal's stamp of approval. Then he raised his eyes and contemptuously studied the crease of his shirt, frowning with the coming of sunset.

At last he inquired, "What has Dawn got to say?"

Dawn hasn't said much. Junia faltered, remembering the girl's attitude, then she confessed: "You see, Milt, just now Dawn is thinking of herself as a Harvey and of you as a McBrarian. All I ask in that you won't try to see her while she's here at the school—not, at all events, until things are different."

The boy was wrestling with youth's unwillingness to be coerced.

"An' let Dawn think that her brother's asked me off?" he questioned at last with a note of rising defiance. "Dawn shan't think that. She shall know that you have acted with a gentleman's generosity, Milt—and because I've asked you to do it."

"Hain't I good enough to keep company with Fletch McNash's gal?" The lad was already persuaded, but his stubbornness forced this parting shot.

"It's not a question of that, Milt, and you know it," declared Junia. "It's just that one of your people killed one of his. Put yourself in Job's place."

Still for a while the boy stood there frowning down at the ground, but at last he raised his face and nodded.

"It's a bargain, ma'am, but mind I only say I won't see her byar. Some day I'll make Job pay for it."

and the sunset flamed at his back. Junia never knew what details of the incident came to Old Milt's ears, but when next the head of the house passed her on the road he spoke with a diminished cordiality, and when she stopped him he commented: "I hear ye're a-runnin' a Harvey school over there now. Little Milt tells me ye warned him off ye place."

She tried to explain, and though he pretended to accept all she said in good humor, she knew in her heart she had made a powerful and bitter enemy.

One afternoon Ann Harvey, wandering through the timber on his own side of the ridge, came upon a lone hunter, and when he drew near it proved to be young Milt McBrarian.

"Mornin', Milt," said Harvey. "I didn't know ye ever went huntin' over here."

The boy, who in faint etiquette was a trespasser, met the scrutiny with a level glance.

"I was a-gunnin' for buzzards," he said, using the local phrase for red squirrels of the hills. "I reckon I hain't hardly got no license ter go gunnin' on yore land."

Ann Harvey sat down on a log and looked up at the boy steadily. At last he said gravely:

"Hunt as much as ye like, Milt, only be heedful not to start no fires."

Milt nodded and turned to go, but the older man called him back.

"I want to have a word with ye, Milt," he said soberly. "I ain't never heard that neither the McBrarians nor the Harveys countenanced settin' fire to dwellin'-houses, have you?"

"I don't know what ye mean," responded the boy, and the gaze that passed between them was that of two men who can look direct into any eye.

"I knowed it would astonish ye," went on Ann. "Back of the new school-house that's still full of shavin's an' loose timber there's a little stretch of dry woods that comes right down to the back door. Somebody has done laid a trail of shavin's an' leaves in the brush there an' soaked 'em with coal-oil. Some fellow aims to burn down that schoolhouse tonight."

"Did ye tell Miss Holland?" demanded Milt in a voice of deep anxiety.

"No, I ain't named it to her," said Ann, adding with seeming indifference in his face, at which the lad's blood boiled.

"Does ye aim ter set hyar an' let her place get burnt up?" he snapped out wrathfully. "Because if ye does, I don't."

Ann Harvey laughed. "Well, no," he replied; "I didn't aim to do that."

"Suddenly he rose. "What I did aim to do, Milt, was this: I aimed to go down there tonight with enough followers to handle either the fire or whoever starts it. I aimed to see who was doin' a trick like that. Will you go with me?"

"Milt" echoed Milt in astonishment. This idea of the two factions acting in concert was a decided innovation. It might be a trap. Suddenly the boy demanded: "Why don't ye ask pap?"

"I don't ask your pap nothing," in Harvey's reply was a quiet but unerring snap that rarely came into his voice. "I'm askin' you, an' you can take my proposition or leave it. That house-burner is goin' to die. If he's one of my people I want to know it. If he's one of your people you ought to feel the same way. Will you go with me?"

The boy considered the proposal for a time in silence. Dawn would be in danger. At last he said gravely:

"I'll go along with ye an' meantime I'll keep my own counsel."

CHAPTER XV.

Ann Harvey had been looking ahead. When Old Milt McBrarian had said "Then Harveys 'low that I'd cross hell on a rotten plank ter do 'em injury," he had shot close to the mark. Had Ann known that the quietest of old men would come to her aid, she would have been a different woman.

When he had taken Milt's hand, sealing the truce, he had not been beguiled, but realized that the compact

was only strategy and was totally insincere. Yet in Young Milt he saw possibilities. He was accustomed to rely on his own judgment, and he recognized a clean and sterling strain in the younger McBrarian.

He lured the breed with a baited that was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, but with an eye of prophecy he foresaw the day when a disrupted

mountain community must fall asunder unless native sons could unite against the conquest of lowland greed. He could never trust Old Milt, but he hoped that he and Young Milt, who would some day succeed to his father's authority, might stand together in that inevitably crisis.

This idea had for a long time been vaguely taking shape in his mind, and when he met Young Milt in the woods and proposed uniting to save Junia's school he was laying the cornerstone for that future alliance.

At sunset Young Milt came, and he came without having spoken of his purpose at home. The night was sharp and moonless, with no light save that which came from the coldly glittering stars, and Ann and Young Milt crouched for hours, knee to knee in the dead thickets, keeping watch.

At last they both saw a creeping figure which was only a vague shadow moving among shadows, and they peered with straining eyes and raised rifles. But that shadow was not Milt, and since it was only by its movement that they could detect it, they waited in vain.

What hint of being watched was given out no one could say. The woods were quiet, and the two kneeling figures in the laurel made no sound. The other men, waiting at their separated posts, were equally invisible and noiseless, but some intangible premonition had come to the shadows which had lost itself in the impenetrable blackness and began its retreat with its object unaccomplished.

Young Milt went back to his house in the cold mists of dawn. No shot had been fired, no face recognized, but the Harvey and the McBrarian both knew that the school had been saved by their joint vigilance.

Some days later the news of that night watch leaked through to Jerry Everson, who bore the tidings to Junia, and she wrote a note to Ann Harvey asking him to come over and let her express her thanks in person.

The mail rider brought her a brief reply penned in a hand of copybook care.

"I don't take any credit. I only did what any other man would do, and young Milt McBrarian did as much as I did. Thank him if ye want to. It would only be awkward for me to come over there."

Ann Harvey, who had been waiting for the mail rider, read the note with a smile.

Old Milt McBrarian heard of his son's part in the watching of the school and brooded blackly as he gnawed at the stem of his pipe, but he said nothing.

The boy had been sent away to college and had had every advantage. Now he had unwittingly but none the less surely, turned his rifle on one of his father's hirelings bent on his father's work, for the ill-considered kindness had laid at Old Milt's command.

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replied awkwardly: "I reckon it's pretty easy to be good to you." After that she heard him saying in a very soft voice:

"One of the first things I remember is being fetched up here by mammy when I was a spindlin' little chap. She used to bring me up here and tell me Indian stories. Sometimes my pappy came with us, but mostly it was just my mammy an' me."

"Your father was a soldier, wasn't he?" she asked.

"Yes. He was a captain in Morgan's command. When the war ended he came on back here an' relapsed. I reckon I'd oughter be right smart ashamed of that, but somehow I'm still able proud of it. He 'lowed that what was good enough for his folks was good enough for him."

He broke off suddenly and a smile came to his face: a remarkably naive and winning smile, the girl thought. Striking an attitude, he added in a tone of mock seriousness and perfect lowland English, without a trace of dialect: "I beg your pardon, Miss Holland. I mean that what was sufficient good for his environment appeared adequate to him."

The girl's laughter pealed out in the cool air, and she said with an after-note of surprise: "Why, Mr. Harvey, you didn't speak like a mountain man then. I thought I was listening to a 'furriner'."

He nodded his head and the smile died from his lips. Into his eyes came the look of steady resolve which was willing to fight for an idea.

"I just did that to show ye that I could. If I wanted to, I reckon I could talk as good English as ye. I reckon ye won't hardly hear me do it no more."

"But why?" she inquired in perplexity.

"I reckon it sounds kinder rough an' ignorant to ye, this mountain speech. Well, to me it's music. It's the language of my own people an' my own hills. I loves it. It don't make no difference to me that it's bad grammar. Birds don't sing so sweet when ye teaches 'em new tunes. To my ears the talk of down below is hard an' unnatural. I don't like the ways nor the speech of the flat countries. I'll have to stick to this hill-dialect here, an' if I didn't talk like they do my people wouldn't trust me."

He paused a moment, then added: "I'd hate to have my people not trust me. So if ye don't mind, I reckon I'll go on talkin' as I learnt to talk."

She nodded her head. "I see," she said quietly.

"What do ye aim to call this school?" he asked suddenly.

"Why, I thought I'd call it the Holland school," she answered, and when he shook his head and said "Don't do it," she colored.

"I didn't mean to name it for my self, of course," she explained. "I wanted to call it after my grandfather. He always wanted to do something for education here in the Kentucky hills."

"I didn't mean to find no fault with the name of Holland," he told her gravely. "That's as good a name as any. Just don't call it a school. Call it a college."

"But," she demurred, "it's not going to be a college. It's just a school."

Again the boyish smile came to his face and seemed to erase ten years from his age. His manner of speech made her feel that they were sharing a secret.

"That don't make any difference," he assured her. "Mountain folks are all mighty proud an' touchy. They wouldn't be astonished if some gray-haired folks came to study the primer. They'd come to college all right, but it wouldn't hardly be dignified to go to school. If ye want to get 'em ye must needs call it a college."

The girl looked at him again and said in a soft voice: "You are always teaching me things I ought to know. Thank you."

Junia stood as he left her and watched him striding down the slope. On his part he went back to his house, and found it suddenly dark and cheerless and unsatisfying.

Into the soul of Ann Harvey had come a new element, and the prophet which was in him could see a new menace; a necessity for curbing the grip of this new dream which might easily outgrow all his other dreams and bring torture to his heart. Here was a woman of fine fiber and delicate culture in whose eyes he might at last find an interesting barbarian. Between them lay all the impassable barriers that quarantined the tangled cooves of the mountains from the valleys of the rich lowlands. Between their lives and viewpoints lay the same irreconcilable differences.

And yet her image was haunting him as he went his way, and in his heart was awakening an ache and a rap.

On several of her buildings now the hammers were busy silencing the roofs. Her influence grew and spread among the simple folk to whom she was unostentatiously ministering—an influence with which the old order must some day reckon.

Ann Harvey met his face against the same resolution that Elvira suffered his ears against the siren song—and yet with remarkable frequency they climbed at the same time from opposite directions and met by the poplar tree on the ridge.

"It's the wrong notion," he told her obstinately, when her enthusiasm broke from her. "It's teachin' things that's goin' to make the children ashamed of their cabins an' their folks. It's goin' to make 'em want things ye can't hardly give 'em."

"I ain't tryin' to make 'em want things ye can't hardly give 'em," he said. "I'm tryin' to make 'em want things ye can't hardly give 'em."

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"I'm not out of sympathy with that," she argued; "I think it's splendid."

"All right," he answered; "but after ye've taught 'em a few things they won't think it's splendid. Ye'll breed discontent an' then ye'll go away, an' all ye'll have done will be to have spoiled their one simple virtue down round their ears."

"How many times do I have to tell you I'm not going away?" demanded the girl hotly. "Just watch me."

Again he shook his head, and into his eyes came a look of sudden pain. "I reckon ye'll go," he said. "All good things go. The birds quit when winter comes an' the flowers go."

So, in an impersonal way, they kept up their semblance of a duel and mocked each other.

CHAPTER XVI.

In an office which overlooks the gray stone courthouse in Louisville sat a youngish man of somewhat engaging countenance. In the small anteroom

of his sanctum was a young woman who hampered industriously on a typewriter and told most of the visitors who called that Mr. Trevor was out. That was because most of those who came bore about them the unmistakable hall-mark of creditors. Mr. Trevor's list of creditors would have made as long a scroll as his list of business activities.

Yet for all these cares Mr. Trevor was just now sitting with his tan shoes propped on his broad desk, and his face was untroubled. He was one of those interesting gentlemen who give a touch of color to the monotony of humdrum life. Mr. Trevor was a soldier of fortune who sold not his sword, but the very keen and flexible blade of his resourceful brain.

Roger Malcolm of Philadelphia knew him only as the pleasant chance acquaintance of an evening spent in a New York club.

He had impressed the Easterner as a most fascinating fellow who seemed to have wandered in large enterprises here and there over the face of the globe. So when Mr. Malcolm presented his card in the office anteroom the young woman at the machine gave him one favoring glance and did not say that Mr. Trevor was out.

